

Conviction (Galo Thymos)

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by [primaryglitch](#)

Summary

When his faith is shaken, Galo can only rely on the guidance of his own soul

He wished it wasn't true.

He sat in the entrance lobby of Foresight Foundation, right in the way of anyone coming in or out. Because of this, he was sure he would run into Gov Foresight at some point, or at least Biar- he was willing to wait all day if need be. He had gotten a couple of annoyed looks, but no one had asked him to move. Perhaps because they knew who he was from TV or because of his expression that reflected his feelings. Try as he might, Galo had worn his expression on his sleeves. Anyone who saw him must have been able to see his internal conflict and turmoil.

He wanted so badly for it to be a lie, to be able to tell himself that Gov Foresight would never do something like that. That he would never experiment on humans, the Burnish were just as much human as any of them were. But what Lio had said rang true. Lio, while still a terrorist, seemed an honorable man- he cared for his people, he mourned for them, and he provided for them. But most of all, Lio did not kill without reason. Galo could respect that, as a rescuer and as someone who valued life above all else. Lio had only attacked him out of self-preservation of himself and the other Burnish, but beyond that hadn't really laid a hand on him. He had every reason to kill Galo, and even better he had every opportunity when he was knocked out or even when his hands were bound. Sure, Galo could have put up a decent fight if it had come to that, he was confident he was physically stronger than Lio, but he had that fire. Without his rescue gear or Matoitech and the rest of his team, he was naked- just as Lio had said. However, Lio had just left him there with no harm done. All thoroughly proving that Lio was at least a man with morals, likely the type of man who wouldn't lie, but Gov Foresight never seemed to be a man that lied either.

He clutched the metal in his hand. It was still cool to the touch.

He wanted to believe in Gov Foresight, trust that his hero would never do such a thing that no respectable man would do, but this faith had been thoroughly shaken. It wasn't just his belief in Lio's morality that fueled his suspicions, there were those injured Burnish too. They looked just like ordinary people and acted like it too from what he saw. He doubted that they were terrorist, they just didn't fit the bill for what he imagined a Burnish terrorist would look or act like. The worse was that it wasn't just adults, people who could have been terrorists even if they didn't seem like it, but there were kids too. They looked so young, he couldn't even reason that they might be teens. A few of them injured severely, not too far behind the Burnish who had been covered in bandages.

He couldn't pretend that he hadn't seen that, or that what Lio said didn't make sense, not even for Gov Foresight.

He had spent all his life looking up to Foresight. He hadn't been only just his hero, after all he had lost his parents in that blaze he had no one in the world but Foresight held his hand towards him. He had become like a father to Galo, always there for him. He had been there to encourage Galo's dream of fighting fires. He had been there to help pay for his entrance into the academy. He had even encouraged Galo to become part of Burning Rescue, to give back to his community as a public servant. He had been with Galo every step of the way, a gentle smile always waiting to welcome him.

The flicker of hope and wonder he had always held for his hero- the grand man who risked his life to save another, the man who built this city into an economic and political powerhouse, the man who stood high above the rest as a shining example of everything a man should be- was snuffed out.

But he would hear Foresight's case, he deserved a chance to explain himself just as much as Galo himself was owed an explanation. He would keep it to himself until he was sure. He wouldn't unnecessarily slander Foresight's name. It was unlikely, Galo had to admit to himself, but perhaps Foresight didn't know. Perhaps Foresight could one again pick Galo up from ash and ember and show him the way.

For the first time in as long as he could remember, Galo felt cold.

The cell was cold, close to freezing even. This temperature wasn't survivable for any long length of time, to be kept at such dangerous temperature bordered on inhumane. It wasn't a stretch of the imagination to guess that it had been designed for Burnish. He couldn't help but wonder who had been kept here before. Did they have a family? friends? a job? a life outside of themselves? While he knew the Burnish labeled terrorists were brought to Freeze Force headquarters, after seeing the promaretech engine he knew other Burnish were here. Was it a holding cell for those to be experimented on? The thought made him feel a deep hollowness inside that brought the taste of bile to his mouth.

A shiver ran through him, whether it was from the temperature or recalling seeing how that Burnish, barely out of boyhood, begin to disintegrate before his eyes he couldn't say. It wasn't fair, none of this was. The cold air sat heavy in his lungs, it was a struggle just to breathe knowing the weight of what Foresight was trying to do. Only ten thousand, the other billions left for dead and he could only guess on how many Burnish would be sacrificed to make Earth a mass grave.

When he breathed out, he could see his breath as the warmth was dissipated out. The chill was working its way into his bones, his heart, his very soul. Did the frost hurt the Burnish just as it would hurt anyone else? Did it cause them more pain, cooling their very souls? Lio had said the fire called to them, that they needed it. How must it feel, to be cut off from the one thing that fuels you? Galo thought, that in his moment, he might have been able to understand.

When he looked down, he felt as if he could see the blood on his hands, shackled as they might be. Had he missed the signs, had he chose to ignore them? Could he have known? Could he have prevented this?

Was this torture?

While he had been dragged in by the guards, they had passed so many cells. Even with the staggering amount that there was, there wasn't a sound from any of them- only silence. It was unlikely they were all empty. Even when he had been pounding on the door, no one had joined. Even when he had sobbed, there wasn't a voice to comfort him. There was only silence, and it haunted him as more and more time went by.

He knew, but it was still a sharp pain in the chest to see Foresight like this. Gone mad with power, or maybe he had always been like this. Either way, now he was nonsensical in the worst way possible. He was stuck on migration, too blind to see that he was simply

abandoning Earth and her people when there was no need. He should have hated him, but he could not. Even after all he had done, the pain he had caused not only him but all the Burnish, he could not hate Foresight. He wanted to, but he couldn't. He was disappointed, disgusted, and heartbroken but he still could not hate him.

While his own soul burned hot, Foresight's burned cold- he held no compassion for others and had to nerve to act as if he was humanity's savior. What fuel Foresight was an ego that he only wanted to grow. He only cared about the power he could wield over others, to be the king of the hill build upon the bodies of those he wouldn't give a second thought to.

Galo knew now that he had been chasing a shadow all these years, a distortion of the man Foresight truly was. He wouldn't allow him to have the thing he wanted most, to have power over him. Even if he could do nothing else in the end, he would not let Foresight stand over him anymore. He would break down his bloodied throne with his own two hands, even if there was no one in the world that would help him. He no longer needed Foresight to fuel his flame, he would keep the blaze strong even if it was him against the icy blizzard that Foresight had revealed himself to be.

Galo knew who he was. He was a firefighter, a true savior of the people. He had made that choice on his own, he knew that to be true in his soul. His soul was brought to life by the blaze, he was drawn to it. He would rush into any raging flame to try and save anyone, no matter how low the chance of success was. Numbers? Calculations? They were meaningless in the face of a man's soul. His soul burned bright, a flare to anyone who hoped to cling to life. He would save Lio, he would save humanity, and finally, he would save even Foresight. He didn't deserve it, but Galo would not abandon him as he had. It was in his nature to help people, no matter how horrible they were. Galo would stay true nature, follow his soul, even if it meant walking an unlit path. His conviction in the strength of morals and the righteousness of his soul was stronger than any doubt that ate away at him.

Even when his world came tumbling down and the ground beneath him gave away, he could stand tall and face the fires of hell and come out the other side. His soul was an inferno more intense than any hellfire could hope to be. Nor chains of the past or the tethers of the future would hold him do

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